

Sheba's Mistakes

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Summary: A short fanfiction about if Sheba attempted much more often to do things that she was bad at instead of ones that she was good at.

***Chapter 1*: Sheba's Mistakes**

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This is a short fanfiction about Sheba if she had a personality whee she tried to do everything she was bad at and not the things that she was good at, basically just for the laughs. Reviews are appreciated!

Sheba was getting on Felix's nerves.

It wasn't her personality that made Felix annoyed, in fact it was rather nice being around the happy jupiter adept who did her best at everything. Unfortunately, her attempts to do some things weren't...the best.

For example, that time they were looking in a weapon store for better equipment, Sheba hefted up a giant axe with two hands and called out, " Felix, look! Felix, look! Felix, look!" Felix turned around to look and dropped the little pouch of money that carried their meager savings.

"Put the axe down right now!" Felix cried out, knowing that Sheba was too weak to properly carry it. Sheba ignored him, shifting her hold in the handle which made the axe's blade slowly fall back onto her. Felix ran to help, but Jenna, who had been standing behind Sheba, put out a hand and grasped the handle of the axe tightly. Jenna promptly pulled the axe away from Sheba and put it back on the stand where it had been.

The door slammed shut as someone hurriedly walked out and Jenna simply murmured, " Be more careful." Felix sighed,

grateful that a disaster had been avoided as he turned back to pick up the pouch of money. He stared blankly at the ground and realized that it wasn't there anymore. Someone had taken it.

And then, there was this. Sheba had somehow managed to wander away from the group and provoke a monster. Felix, Jenna and Piers had found her battered a bit as the monster loomed over her, about to deliver a heavy blow with its claws.

"Sheba!" Piers exclaimed, rushing between her and the monster, blocking with the flat of his sword. He was knocked back by the blow and fell back on Sheba.

"Piers, get off me! You're so heavy! What do you eat, you fatso!" Sheba wailed as Piers slowly got up off of her. He glared at her for a while, obviously ticked off about the comments about his weight.

"Oh, be quiet," Piers muttered under his breath as he set himself into a battle stance. Sheba giggled at his expression.

After the battle though, there was no laughter. While they had defeated the monster, it had inflicted heavy injuries on them all to the point where they had collapsed on the ground, trying to recover from their exhaustion.

After a long silence, Felix said, "Next time, stick with the group." Sheba didn't answer, too busy sleeping.

But there were those lucky times where Sheba did things that were useful, like actually doing things that she was good at. After the incident with the axe, they had been so poor that they had to wander around town looking for coins that people had dropped. Then, Sheba had run off to the inn

without explaining or anything. She had soon come back, saying that she had gotten them a free stay at the inn.

Thus, Felix found out that Sheba was good at bargaining and even though he wanted to know why, she never told him.

And Sheba was good with Psynergy, as she had demonstrated sometimes in a battle.

She wasn't all bad, but Felix would've preferred it if she had a better understanding of what she was good at and what she wasn't good at, though nobody, even Piers who was still sore about being called fatso and having his true age inquired, bothered pointing it out.

So maybe, secretly, they did enjoy it whenever Sheba messed things up, but they just didn't know it yet.